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The Christian's
NEW-YEARS-GIFT:
Or the Transcendent Privileges of the
INCARNATION
O F
CHRIST,

Manifested in a Divine P O E M.

2. Jan. 1688

What Sacred Sybils, what Heathens did expect
From their Prophetick Gods, Ours did effect.
They from dark Premisses Conclusions drew
Of things most Strange, and yet most certain True;
Of such *Phænomena's* the reason why,
Nature deny'd, yet such portends the Sky,
The Unerring Guide of true *Astronomy*.
To Calculate this Scheme *Egypt's* wise Treasure
Could find no Line, no Centre, nor no Measure:
The Reason's plain, 'twas the Almighty's Will,
To shew that Heaven exceeds all Art or Skill;
And that 'twas vain for *Pharaoh* to confide
In what his wisest Magics could decide,
They could some Truth declare, but not the Whole,
They knew the Time, the Star; they knew the Pole:
But what Miraculous Effect it did portend,
Or when, or where this Mystery should end,
They knew not, till to *Bethlehems* Stable guided,
Their Doubts were clear'd, their Controversie decided:
Witness their Posture; on their Knees they fall,
And him that truly is their King, their God they call.
Such mighty Operations had the sight
Of this great King of Kings, the Lord of Light,
That he a new Creation seem'd to make,
By 's Sight, not Word, when *Bashans* Bull did shake,
And taught where their true Sacrifice to Make.
For whether it greater Glory be to Make,
Or the Unmade to bring again to Shape,
Is Question, such as our Great Maker can
Resolve by his re-making Fallen man.
The first Creation on his Justice stood,
But this demonstrates him both Just and Good:
Just, Disobedience to condemn to Death,
And Goodness in the Zenith, with that Breath
This dreadful Sentence to reverse; did show
That he our Sins and all our Wants did know.
Thus to fulfil his Promise and make good
His Word, betwixt just Death and us He stood,

Dismantles Heaven, and descends his Throne,
His Power, Goodness, and his Truth makes known;
That his first Promise to the Womans Seed
Should bruise the *Serpents* head, and make it bleed,
That on his *Manna* we again might feed.
This was not like the Shallow Gifts of Men,
Confin'd so narrowly as where, or what, or when,
But like the Author Circumscrib'd to none,
But free to all that should this Gospel own:
His narrowest thoughts is th' Universal Orb,
That all should saved be that own'd their God.
To witness this, no Jew nor Gentile he
Excludes this Banquet, all to tast are free:
Nay for this truth to Evidence, he Summons
The whole Earth, the Kings, the Lords, the Commons:
Beings Finite and Infinite doth call
To give attendance to this Heavenly Ball:
Angels the Quire are made to usher in
This Heavenly Banquet, and are taught to Sing
Hosanna's in the high'st to their great King:
The Stars declare the greatness of the Feast,
And Guests Invite as far as from the East:
The Sheep, that Beast of Innocence, does Bleat
That Heaven Mankind has sent some better Meat.
The Grave itself no Ignorance could plead,
At his command it did give up the Dead.
'Twas only Man, Rebel the first and last,
That this Mysterious truth did seem to blast:
He, like the fullen Child when fallen down,
Spurns at its taker up, and would not own
Those Arms that save him from the fatal Ground.
Such, such is Man, that will not hear, nor own
What I to day to him, through Christ, have shown.

F I N I S.